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THE

SONG OF THE PATRIOT,

SONNETS,

AND

SONGS,

· By ROBERT MILLHOUSE.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.

SOLD BY R. HUNTER, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD;
AND J. DUNN, NOTTINGHAM.

1826.

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THE BEQUEST OF EVENT JAMES WENDELL
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PRINTED BY RICHARD TAYLOR, SHOE-LANE.

JOHN BOWRING, Esq. F.L.S.

THESE POEMS

ARE DEDICATED

IN ADMIRATION OF HIS GENIUS,

BY HIS OBLIGED AND HUMBLE SERVANT,

ROBERT MILLHOUSE.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE author deems it necessary to state that twenty-six of the Sonnets were originally published under the title of "Blossoms"; and to them the favourable Reviews at the end of this volume have reference. The speedy disposal of his former publications has induced him to appear once more before the Public: at the same time his acknowledgements are due to that Public, and to the Reviewers in particular, for their early notices and favourable opinions. If any indulgence be allowable to poetry, for the circumstances under which it has been produced,—some, the author may reasonably presume, will be due to this little work. Employment of more serious moment has not been omitted to gratify the beguiling propensity of poetical enthusiasm. The principal poem, and

indeed the author can safely say that the greatest portion of the whole work, has been composed in the loom; and written down at such brief intervals as the close application required at his employment would allow.

PREFACE.

Ours is undoubtedly a reading age,—yet Poetry appears to enjoy less than its fair share of the public attention, and "a preface" to a volume of Poetry is hardly likely to obtain any attention at all. A preface is generally in truth, only an apology, and the sooner it is got over, the better. But if a perusal of this little volume should excite some interest in the history and the fortunes of its author, it will not be unbecomingly 'prefaced' by the following brief memoir of the Poet, written by his elder brother, John Millhouse.

"Robert Millhouse was born at Nottingham the 14th of October, 1788, and was the second of ten children. The poverty of his parents compelled them to put him to work at the age of six years, and when ten he was sent to work in a stocking-loom. He had been constantly sent to a Sunday school (the one which was under the particular patronage of that truly philanthropic ornament of human nature, the late Mr. Francis Wake-

field) till about the last-mentioned age, when a requisition having been sent by the rector of St. Peter's parish, Dr. Staunton, to the master of the school, for six of his boys to become singers at the church, Robert was one that was selected; and thus terminated his education, which merely consisted of reading, and the first rudiments of writing.

"When sixteen years old he first evinced an inclination for the study of poetry, which originated in the following manner.—Being one day at the house of an acquaintance, he observed on the chimney-piece, two small statues of Shakspeare and Milton, which attracting his curiosity, he read on a tablet in front of the former, that celebrated inscription—

'The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces, The solemn temples, the great globe itself, Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve; And, like the baseless fabric of a vision, Leave not a wreck behind!'

"Its beauty and solemnity excited in his mind the highest degree of admiration! At the first opportunity he related the occurrence to me with apparent astonishment, and concluded by saying, 'Is it not Scripture?' In reply I told him it was a passage from Shakspeare's play of the Tempest, a copy of which I had in my possession, and that he had better read it. For although he had from his infancy been accustomed to survey with delight the beautiful scenery which surrounds Nottingham, had heard with rapture the singing of birds, and been charmed with the varied beauties of the changing seasons; and though his feelings were not unfrequently awakened by hearing read pathetic narratives, or accounts of the actions and sufferings of great and virtuous men, yet he was totally ignorant that such things were in any wise connected with Poetry.

"He now began to read with eagerness, such books as I had previously collected, the principal of which were some of the Plays of Shakspeare, Paradise Lost, Pope's Essay on Man, the select Poems of Gray, Collins, Goldsmith, Prior, and Parnell, two volumes of the Tatler, and Goldsmith's Essays, all of the cheapest editions. But, ere long, by uniting our exertions we were enabled to purchase Suttaby's miniature edition of Pope's Homer, Dryden's Virgil, Hawkesworth's translation of Telemachus, Mickle's version of the Lusiad, Thomson's Seasons, Beattie's Minstrel, &c. These

were considered as being a most valuable acquisition; and the more so, because we had feared we should never be able to obtain a sight of some of them, through their being too voluminous and expensive.

"In 1810 he became a soldier in the Nottinghamshire militia, joined the regiment at Plymouth, and shortly afterwards made an attempt at composition.

"It will readily be expected that now being separated, we should begin to correspond with each other; and one day, on opening a letter which I had just received from him, I was agreeably surprised at the sight of his first poetical attempt, the 'Stanzas addressed to a Swallow,' which was soon after followed by the small piece written, 'On finding a Nest of Robins.' Shortly after this the regiment embarked at Plymouth, and proceeded to Dublin, from which place, in the spring of 1812, I received in succession several other efforts of his muse.

"Being now desirous of knowing for certain whether any thing he had hitherto produced was worthy to appear in print, he requested me to transmit some of them to the editor of the Nottingham Review, with a desire that, if they met with his approbation, he would insert them in his paper, with which request that gentleman very promptly complied. Having now a greater confidence in himself, he attempted something of a larger kind, and produced in the summer of 1812, the Poem of Nottingham Park.

"In 1814 the regiment was disembodied, when he again returned to the stocking-loom, and for several years entirely neglected composition. In 1817 he was placed on the staff of his old regiment, now the Royal Sherwood Foresters; and in the following year became a married man. The cares of providing for a family now increased his necessities; he began seriously to reflect on his future prospects in life; and perceiving he had no other chance of bettering his condition than by a publication, and not having sufficient already written to form, a volume, he resolved to attempt something of greater magnitude and importance than he had hitherto done, and in February 1819 began the poem of 'Vicissitude.' The reader will easily conceive that such a theme required some knowledge of natural and moral philosophy, of history, and of the vital principles of religion. How far he has succeeded in this poem is not for me to say;

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but, certain it is, as may be expected from the narrowness of his education, and his confined access to books, his knowledge is very superficial: however, with unceasing exertions, sometimes composing while at work under the pressure of poverty and ill-health, and at other times when released from his daily labour encroaching upon the hours which ought to have been allotted to sleep, by the end of October 1820 the work was brought to a conclusion.

"The poems were now submitted to the inspection of colonel Gardiner, of the Royal Sherwood Foresters, who had the goodness to promote a subscription for their publication, and interest himself in procuring the patronage of Her Grace the Duchess of Newcastle."

There are many persons to whom the author is deeply indebted on the present, and also on former occasions, whose names he would now gratefully mention, did he not conceive that, actuated by the most pure and generous motives, the silent enjoyment of doing good in secret is to them more gratifying, than public approbation.

Nottingham, June 24th. 1826.

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THE

SONG OF THE PATRIOT.



THE

SONG OF THE PATRIOT.

YET, yet again, thou solitary lyre,
Again I touch thy long neglected strings;
Nor shall thy notes o'er homely themes aspire
To treat of dark abstruse imaginings:
O! may the gentle sweep of fairy wings
Brush o'er thee, and inspire a kindly mood
To sing of dear, of captivating things.
Companion sweet! thou hadst been better woo'd,
But that thou'rt luckless fall'n to one of accents rude.

Since that relentless Time brooks no control,
But calmly winds his unresisted stream;
Smiling, in scorn, to see our seasons roll
In idle projects and a waking dream:
Oh! it were wisdom to arrest the beam
Of manhood's sun, ere evening damps arise,
And from Oblivion's idiot clutch redeem
A few short hours for noble enterprize:
'Tis all that we can do,—no more can do the wise.

And yet 'tis difficult for little men

To raise their feeble pigmy heads so high,

As to attract the glance of passing ken

Where giant shoulders intercept the sky;

And ah! 'tis difficult for such as I,

To wake fit strains where mighty minstrels sing;

Perhaps, even this, shall but be born and die;

Not fated to enjoy a second spring,

Butlikesomehawk-struckbird, expire on new-fledg'd wing.

Away Despair! some monitor, unseen,

Calls for the song,—the call shall be obey'd;

For 'tis that silent monitor, I ween,

Which led my youth to many a green-wood shade;

Show'd me the spring, in thousand blooms array'd,

And bade me look towards heaven's immensity:

This is a power that schoolmen never made,

That comes all unsolicited and free,

To fire the youthful bard—lo! this is Poesy!

Who does not love his birth-place? there's a spell
Of three-fold magic in the Briton's home!
By Heroes bought; from Freedom's hand it fell,
Fast clinging to his heart; and though he roam
O'er lands remote, or where vext oceans foam
In noisy uproar, to the wanderer's breast
Wealth, poverty, or joy, or woe, may come;
Yet Native scenes, as for May's bridal dress'd,
Will haunt his very dreams, and oh! such dreams are blest.

Ye Britons! who have other states survey'd,
Intent new forms of government to try,
Say, have you found, where'er your search was made,
That distant realm where you would live and die!
Nor give one lingering voluntary sigh,
To see, once more, the land where you were born?
Methinks even now, beneath another sky,
Wide o'er the Atlantic, many a breast forlorn
Heaves for that Peerless Isle they late beheld with scorn.

Whether where Ganges rolls o'er golden sand,
Or copious Nile makes glad Egyptian swains;
Where Niagara shakes the astonish'd land,
Or Orellana laves Peruvian plains;
Whether free choice, or adverse fate, detains,
Often, towards home, the Briton turns his mind,
Listens, in vain, to hear the skylark's strains,
Nor feels that brisk invigorating wind
Which blows across the land his footsteps left behind.

Haply, while pacing on some sea-beat shore,
With sad, yet hopeful, wing his fancy roves
Swift o'er a waste of waves, to re-explore
The hills, the dales, the streams, the meads, and groves,
Haunts of his childhood: scenes, where early loves
And gentle friendships sway'd his inmost soul;
While, in his rapt imagination, moves
She, whose endearments o'er his bosom stole,
And gain'd his youthful heart with beauty's soft control.

Fair to his sight the briary bank appears

Where grew the sweetest violets of the spring;

And the wild thorn its aged head uprears

Where he was wont to hear the linnet sing;

And, in the pasture, he surveys the ring,

Where, as his grandam told, the fairies play'd;

Beholds the raven from the cliff take wing;

Marks the green turf rise where his sire was laid:—

Then vents the struggling sighs his aching breast invade.

And would the Briton seek a happier clime,
Where laws more just and equitable reign;
Long shall his head be hoary grown with time
Ere he succeed that happier clime to gain;
No bark has yet drove keel into the main
To bear the exile to a better shore.
And, oh, my country! may'st thou long remain
Matchless, in worth and might, and evermore
Let justice from thy throne protect the poor man's door.

A beacon, lighted on a giant hill;

A sea-girt watch-tower to each neighbouring state;

A barrier, to control the Despots' will;

An instrument of all-directing Fate
Is Britain; for whate'er in man is great,

Full to that greatness have her sons attain'd;

Dreadful in War to hurl the Battle's weight;

Supreme in Arts, in Commerce unrestrain'd;

Peerless in magic Song, to hold the soul enchain'd.

In wealth and power stupendous is our Isle!

Obtain'd by Labour's persevering hand:

And heaven-born Liberty extends her smile

To the remotest corners of our land:

The meanest subject feels her potent wand;

Peasant and Peer are by one law control'd;

And this it is, that keeps us great and grand:

This is the impulse makes our warriors bold,

And knits more close the bond our fathers seal'd of old.

Plenty, from out her never-failing horn,

Showers down profusion on our hills and dales;

Fair climb our uplands to salute the morn;

No meads like ours, when fann'd with spring-tide gales;

Lovely our groves, where the fleet stock-dove sails;

And in our forests grows that sacred tree,

The British oak; a charm, that never fails,

Springs, in this darling plant, ordain'd to be

A safeguard to our shores by watchful Destiny.

Secure, in conscious safety, walks the swain,

Nor fears to lose the harvest of the year;

For here no banded ruffians scour the plain,

To seize his flocks, and leave his garners bare:

No fell invaders in his fields appear,—

Forth to the meads, unaw'd, the milk-maid goes,

Nor dreads the spoiler, lurking in the rear:

No ills like these our happy Island knows,

For all our circling coast defies the reach of foes.

And should it ever please the Eternal King,
When ages numberless have roll'd away,
O'er Albion's Isle reverse of fate to bring,
And she, like Greece and Rome, should feel decay;—
For who the purposes of Heaven can stay?
Yet, oh, thou Mighty One! avert the blow;—
Even then, her name to Time's remotest day,
Through golden trump of deathless Fame shall go,
Sweet as the breath of spring, when melts the wintry snow.

The Patriot, zealous in his country's cause,

Shall tell how Briton's cramp'd the Despot's hand;

And wisely form'd that code of equal laws,

Which made her glory tower o'er every land;

And taught the noblest seeds of thought t' expand;

Bade rugged Labour at his toil rejoice;

And the kind flame of Emulation fann'd,

Drove, far away, Oppression's threatening voice,

And founded regal sway on a great Nation's choice.

And oft, when hard beset, in deadly strait,

The Warrior Chief, My Country! shall unfold

How thy brave sons have stood in conflicts great,

And on their foes the dreadful battle roll'd:

And Creci, Poictiers, Agincourt, be told

Hundreds of generations yet to come;

And Blenheim, Nile, and Trafalgar, enroll'd

With them, high beaming on thy crest shall bloom,

And glorious Waterloo, that seal'd Napoleon's doom.

Philosophers, immers'd in thought sublime,
Reverting back, thy Sages shall explore;
And following Bacon, Locke and Newton, climb
To heights, the human mind ne'er tried before:
The youthful Bard shall traverse Fancy's shore
With Spenser, Minstrel to the Fairy throng;
Pondering his wild romantic visions o'er,
Told in the sweetest harmony of song,
While knights and gentle virgins sweep in pomp along.

Or with thy Shakspeare, pride of humankind!

Magician-like, with talisman, untie

Those secret strings the hidden heart which bind,
Or pace, unawed, the field of mystery.

With heaven-rapt Milton, passing Nature by,
On swift Imagination's eagle wings

View the extremest boundaries of the sky,
And join the hosts that sing the King of kings,
Melting in lays divine from pure etherial springs.

Land of my Fathers! may thy rocky coast

Long be the bulwark of thy free-born race;

Long may thy patriots have just cause to boast

That Mighty Albion is their native place;

Still be thy sons unequall'd in the chase

Of glory, be it Science, Arts, or Arms;

And first o'erweening Conquerors to disgrace;

Yet happier far, when Peace in all her charms,

Drives out from every land the din of War's alarms.

Perhaps, in every state beneath the skies,

Fond Man a partial liking entertains

For those first scenes that caught his youthful eyes,

Howe'er unblest his naked hills and plains:

But where fell Tyrants hold the wretch in chains,

Such as the poor dejected Negroes know,

Where dire plantations breathe forth woes, and pains,

The loveliest scenes no solace can bestow,

For ah! no home have they in this dark vale below.

For me, ordain'd to pass my boyhood's prime
On British ground, methinks there ne'er could be
Haunts half so fair, in Nature's brightest clime,
As those that struck my sight in infancy;
For there my sire first told me I was free,
And bade me love my Country, and my God;
And taught that paths of kind humanity
Should by the mingling sons of men be trod;
And early wish'd my soul to hate Oppression's rod.

And oft, as those lov'd scenes I now explore,
Fondly reverting unto years pass'd by,
Where I have pac'd a thousand times before
Beauties, till now unknown, attract my eye:
Some stripling tree, aspiring to the sky;
Some clustering shrub, upstarting in the wild;
Some new-discover'd flower of rarest dye,
With plants, and herbs, by Botanists compil'd,
Enhance the worth of all that pleas'd me when a child.

Well I remember, in my youthful hours,
Ere yet in numbers I essay'd to sing,
At that glad season, when fresh opening flowers
And hawthorn buds proclaim'd the birth of Spring;
While light-heel'd Pleasures cours'd their mystic ring,
And my young heart was frolicsome as May,
Oft have I watch'd the Lark, on anxious wing,
Ascend his azure steep at early day,
Piping aloud to Heaven in many a carol gay.

Joyous I've found the glossy crocus, blowing
Fair in its bed of green; and onward stray'd
To sunny dells, where April's hand was throwing
Violets of virgin sweetness, and survey'd
The pale-eyed Primrose, glinting in the glade:
Daisies, vermilion-ting'd, were deem'd a prize,
And pluck'd in triumph; while the sloe-bloom made
Garlands for mating birds, and thence would rise
Vouchings of purest love in anthems to the skies.

And, at sweet May-tide, when the cowslip hung
Its head in pensiveness, and crowflowers bright,
Along the expanse of lengthening meads were flung,
Mingled with ladysmocks, and daisies white,
Lambsfoot, and speedwell, and the lovely sight
Of hawthorn blossom, fragrant on the gale
Of eve; full oft I've wander'd with delight;
Nor, time regretting, will I e'er bewail
Those hours I loitering spent in woodland mead and dale.

And oft, in summer hours, I've saunter'd forth
Along the thorn hedge, or beside the grove,
To hail the damask wild-rose at its birth,
Symbol of innocence and maiden love;
And of that chastity which reigns above:
Or sought the woodbine, in its bower o'ershaded,
Where stretching far its wanton arms would rove;
Till, haply, by some peasant's hand invaded,
'Twas torn from out the folds with which its tendrils braided.

Nor will my mind surrender up, in haste,

The recollection of Autumnal views;

Save by Oblivion, not to be effaced;

The sloping sunbeams, and the varied hues

Of fading landscapes, and the misty dews

Hung on the threads of Gossamer; the flowers

Withering in death; till Nature should infuse

Into their roots her renovating powers,

And paint afresh the plains, and re-adorn the bowers.

Dearly, I love you! native fields, and groves,
And hills, and dales, and meads of fairest bloom,
Where Spring's first flowers enjoy their nuptial loves,
And June's bright children Summer winds perfume:
In some still nook of yours, be this my doom,
When life's frail energies shall make a stand,
To find a rural solitary tomb,
Where waving trees their branching arms expand,
To screen my sunless house, and deck the matchless land.

And thou, majestic Trent! beside whose stream,
While youth had joys, which ne'er to manhood flow,
Oft have I revel'd in some fairy dream,
Or sigh'd o'er love-tales winding into woe:
Still, on thy banks, may Love, and Friendship go,
And British Freedom, and Contentment fair;
And may thy sons this truth be taught to know,—
That, of all lands, whatever names they bear,
Albion's the Freeman's Home, and stands without compeer!

Britain! although upon the battle-plain
Thou hast not found an equal,—though thy fleets
Sweep, unmolested, the submissive main,
And though no rivalship thy Commerce meets;
Though Arts, and Manufactures, crowd thy streets,
And Industry still adds unto thy store;
Though Safety guard the husbandman's retreats,—
Yet, land of greatness! there is something more,
Without which Greece and Rome in glory had been poor.

Potent art thou in Poesy—Yet there still

Is one thing which the bard hath seldom scann'd;

That national, exalting local thrill,

Which makes our home a consecrated land:

"Tis not enough to stretch the Muses' wand

O'er states, where thy best blood has purchas'd fame;

Nor that thy fertile genius should expand

To cast o'er foreign themes the witching flame:

This hath thy lyre perform'd, and won a glorious name.

Be every hill and dale, where childhood wanders,
And every grove, and nook, the lover knows,
And every stream, and runlet that meanders,
And every plain that covers freedom's foes
The dwelling-place of Song,—and where repose
The great immortal worthies of our Isle
Be hallow'd ground—and when the pilgrim goes
To hail the sacred dust, and muse awhile,
Be heard the free-born strain to blanch the tyrant's smile.

The oaks of Sherwood wrestle hard with time,
And through succeeding centuries look gay;
And the obdurate yew appears in prime
While twenty generations waste away;
But Song can mock the finger of decay,
And live, a green companion of the hills:
Or, like a river sweeping on its way,
Which, by continued store, its channel fills,
Rolling from gushing founts, and ceaseless mountain rills.

Song can preserve our home for ever dear:

The child shall lisp it on his mother's knee:

The stripling shall behold his haunts more fair,

And sing their charms in rustic minstrelsy:

And where the wild birds chant at liberty,

In the recesses of their nuptial bowers;

And where the flowers bloom sweetly on the lea,

Shall be the scenes of his loves' virgin hours,

The while he whispers lays that tell affection's powers.

Home, thus to youth endear'd, to ripen'd man—
Shall still be dearer;—for, the patriot tide
That childhood sports, and love-told hours began,
Shall rally to the heart, and there abide:
England, thus arm'd, shall in its might deride
The hostile efforts of a hundred states.
When songs of freedom are a nation's pride,
Naught, but the ruling mandate of the Fates,
Shall break the sacred bond her influence actuates.

But cease the lay. My country hold thy station—
Perfection is not earthly—yet with thee,
While Hampden's name be told with exultation,
Thou shalt remain, the birth-place of the free!
Nor, shalt thou lack the charm of Poesy,
To make complete, what other bards began;
And future Shakspeares Freedom's priests shall be,
And future Dibdins aid the glorious plan,
Binding our hearts to home, the patriot flame to fan.







TO GENIUS.

O BORN of heaven, thou Child of magic Song!

What pangs, what cutting hardships wait on thee;

When thou art doom'd to cramping Poverty!

The pois'nous shafts from Defamation's tongue,—

The jeers and tauntings of the blockhead throng,

Who joy to see thy bold exertions fail;

While Hunger, pinching as December's gale,

Brings moody dark Despondency along.

And, should'st thou strive Fame's lofty mount to scale,

The steps of its ascent are cut in sand;

And half-way up,—a snake-scourge in her hand,

Lurks pallid Envy, ready to assail:

And last, if thou the top, expiring, gain,

When Fame applauds, thou hearest not the strain.

TO GOLD.

FEE for the knave, in every age and clime!

Thou shield to gilded Idiots! slave to Kings!

Pander to War, and other horrid things

That stain with blood the chronicles of Time;

When, shining Mischief! shall the Poet's rhyme

Tell of thy virtues in the good man's hand,

Chasing away grim Hunger from the land,

And proving true thy alchymy sublime?

If Evil spring from thy deceitful wand,

Nor good nor ill thou bring'st to such as I:

For here gaunt Poverty stands shivering by,

To snatch the scanty portion from my hand—

Give me thy power, thou thing of Good or Guile!

And I will teach sad Poverty to smile!

TIME.

And he shall hold his unresisted sway

Till yonder planets from their orbits start,
And this huge sepulchre, the Earth, decay.
Oh, he has clouded many a festive day

With angry feuds or jealousy's mistrust;
He strikes the blood-stain'd tyrant with dismay,
And buries ancient palaces in dust;

Wreathing vile weeds around the sculptur'd bust.
The mightiest Dynasties before him fall,
As steel is canker'd by corrosive rust,
Or as the storm hurls down some pond rous wall:
Yet, lo! the Day,—the awful day of Doom

Shall bury Time,—the peopler of the tomb.

TO AN INFANT DAUGHTER.

Sweet blue-eyed Cherub! in my prayers for thee,
I have not ask'd for beauty,—yet thou'rt fair;
And as for wealth—thy lot is poverty;
Nor do I wish much gold to be thy share.

May Heaven protect thee from the villain's snare,
And give thee virtue and a prudent mind!

Long may thy cheek the rose and dimple wear,
With breath as fragrant as the vernal wind.

Oh may to thee the lib'ral Arts be kind!

Nor be thou Fortune's scorn so much as I!

And let thine heart to those firm precepts bind,
Which will not fail to lift the soul on high.

My Cherub! if enough of these be given,
Thee and the rest I leave to judging Heaven.

TO A WILD ROSE.

Pure child of Nature! thee the hand of Art

Has never touch'd: yet still thou 'rt passing fair:

Those blended hues, which on thy cheek appear,

Like virgin beauty, captivate the heart:

That deep vermilion of the Garden's boast

Is lovely; but not half so fair as thee;

An emblem she of court or city toast;

Whilst thou bespeakest primal purity.

Thou art like Genius cast upon the waste:

And still like Genius dost thou breathe of Heaven:

No charm hast thou, save what has Nature given:

Yet, oh! thy vestal countenance is chaste—

And would, fair Rose! that I might live like thee,

Far from rude haunts in peace and liberty.

TO A CHILD PLAYING IN A CHURCH-YARD.

Unconscious babe! that sitt'st those graves among,
Assorting wild flowers scatter'd at thy side,
All-heedless of thy neighbour Redbreast's song,
Chanted from yonder tower. Bereft of guide,
Oh! couldst thou learn what ills may thee betide
In after-time; and what their woes have been
Who rest below, a Monitor to Pride!
Thy little head, array'd in wreaths of green,
Would quickly ache; and thy request I ween
Would be to leave in haste this scene of strife;
Where Merit rarely finds a friend to screen,
And knaves too amply share the sweets of life
Foresight of good or ill thou must not know,
But, in succession, take thy joy and woe.

TO A DAISY BLOOMING IN JANUARY.

Too forward Beauty! was it wisely done,

Thus premature, to throw thy virgin charms
Into decrepid January's arms?

A tardy wooer he; for, lo! his sun,

With grudging aspect gives a feeble ray.

Soon will the circle of thy joys be run;

Thy Spring shall finish ere 'tis well begun,

Nor ever greet the nuptial tribes of May.

E'en while thou dost unfold thy bosom gay,
I hear the Tempest muttering in the north;

The Breezes, keener-edg'd, are coming forth;

And how shalt thou withstand the icy fray?

Sweet floret! while thy fate I thus bemoan,
Gloomy anticipation paints my own.

WRITTEN

IN ONE OF THE (SUPPOSED) DRUIDICAL CAVES
IN NOTTINGHAM PARK.

Thou mouldering Relic of forgotten Time!*

Well I remember how in youth I came,
And grav'd you rude initials of my name,
Unwistful then, that I, in manhood's prime,
Should be an anxious Candidate for Fame:—

Long hast thou borne the onsets of the storm,
Like speechless Horror frowning in dismay;
But Age thy latest vestige shall deform,
And waste thy moss-grown Chronicles away;
Yet, let not Avarice hasten on thy fall †,
But leave thy destiny to Nature's power;
So may the stripling shelter from the shower,
And ponder o'er the records on thy wall,
Or mount thy top to seize the hanging flower.

^{*} The date of the origin of these Caverns is unknown. † An attempt (now happily relinquished) was made some time since to inclose these venerable relics of antiquity, and to make the frontage-land into gardens.

TO ANTIQUITY.

Thou solitary waste of former days!

Gone are all they who sojourn'd on thy plain—
The imperial Monarch, and the simple Swain;
Philosophers, and Bards of heaven-wrought lays—
With them, near some base Miser, lies reclin'd
A Wretch, now freed from sorrow and despair,
Who ceaseless strove in vain, by toilsome care,
To cast grim Penury and Want behind.
The Good, the Vile, the Coward, and the Brave,
The Foolish and the Wise, in common rest—
And, if a floret spring on Cæsar's breast,
That flower would bloom as sweetly o'er a Slave.
Nor Great, nor Small shall pass the deathful gloom,
Till the last Trumpet summon to the Doom.

TO FUTURITY.

IMPENETRABLE round of days to come!

Whose darksome curtain mocks the ken of man,
Where Rich and Poor shall find one general tomb;
But when, Omnipotence alone can scan.
How many stand on thy eventful shore,
With aching heart, and grief-bewilder'd eye,
Tracing imaginary visions o'er;
Which, rob'd in dim uncertainty, flit by!
How many, flush'd with health and prosperous days,
In smiling confidence survey the scene!
While Fancy, basking in Enjoyment's rays,
Forgets what storms of care may intervene.
The proud of heart shall find a sting in thee—
And friendly Death will Sorrow's children free.

MIDNIGHT MUSINGS.

To me brings not the opiate of repose;
And restless Fancy points my thoughts to those
Who, at this hour a gloomy reckoning keep;
Like sullen Sentinels, how minutes creep!
I see the Robber at the Widow's door,—.
The Murd'rer, with his hands fresh dy'd in gore,—
The Wretch, whom frightful Ruin wakes to weep,—
The Villain, plotting to oppress the Poor,—
The Traitor, brooding o'er some fell design,—
The Pris'ner breaking from his dark confine;—
The Heart that's broken to be heal'd no more:
These, their lone vigils keep at this still hour,
Nor woo, or vainly woo, O Sleep! thy power.

"THE PROUD MAN'S CONTUMELY."

Imperious Mortal! can thy pigmy soul

Treat thus the poor man for a good design?

Know, that thy ill-judg'd mandate of control

Moves but the censure of the Power Divine.

In Heaven's esteem my blood is pure as thine,

And the creation to my sight as fair:

Yea, haply may my humble frame combine

Seeds, could they once a genial culture share,

Might lift me far beyond thy misty sphere.

And shall not Poverty the license have,

With Merit, and with conscious Truth, to dare

To climb one fathom on this side the grave?

The howling wintry blasts may take their fling;

But, in due time, comes on the blushing Spring.

TO A REDBREAST.

MINSTREL! that sing'st throughout the varying year,
Oh! how I love thy melancholy song;
For there are trills and falls to thee belong,
With which the bird of night may not compare.
Oft when the gaunt and with'ring hand of Care
Has fall'n upon me 'mid autumnal shades,—
Or when harsh winds blew keen through leafless glades,
And Hope, too timid, flew from grim Despair,—
Then have I wish'd—but ah! it might not be—
That all thy plaintive sounds belong'd to me.
For there's a joy in grief within the breast,
When darts a ray of Heaven upon the soul;
And when the breaking heart is thus possess'd,
'Twere bliss to die beneath the soft control.

TO AN OAK TOEN DOWN BY A STORM.

Pride of the Grove! and art thou down at last?

Oh! could not thy deep-rooted trunk avail

To stay the fury of the ruthless blast?

Low now thou liest; and I thy fate bewail!

No longer shalt thou brave the wintry gale,

Nor in thy branching arms and green array,

Shelter the feather'd tribes, when foes assail;

Nor strew thy russet honours in our way,

At Autumntide. Methinks I see the day

When he who mourns thy lot, like thee, shall fall;

Nor does the thought his steadfast soul dismay,

Taught by repeated storms to bear it all.

Thou, prostrate tree! shalt never more re-bloom,

But he shall rise in triumph o'er the tomb.

WRITTEN IN SPRING.

When, in my happy vernal day of life,
Succeeding autumn's ravag'd Nature's bloom,
Oft have I felt a transitory gloom,
And, anxious, wish'd an end to wintry strife;
Seen, with new joy, the green hill break the tomb
Of melting snows,—whence the gay skylark sprung,
And, mounting up, his morning carol sung,
While violets sigh'd away their first perfume.
But now, though flowers are all around me flung,
Though, into anthems, burst forth every grove,
Sad, mid the varied sweetness do I rove,
And, melancholy, stray the groves among!
For, ah! what charm has Nature for the breast
That holds a throbbing heart with grief oppress'd?

TO LARK-DALE.

A FAVOURITE SCENE IN EARLY LIFE.

Oft have I trac'd thy winding path with glee,
When May-flowers spread their bosoms to the bee,
And in autumnal glooms and wintry showers.
Where now, alas! are fled those witching pow'rs
That never fail'd to charm when life was young?
Thou art the same; but o'er this soul is flung
A murky cloud, that chills me while it lowers!
Yet still shall Youth find bliss thy bowers among;
Nor, as he plucks thy flowers, expect to find
His bitterest woes to come from human-kind,—
Till, by Ingratitude and Envy stung,
He feel as I, and mourn in Sorrow's Night,
That scenes once lov'd should cease to give delight.

TO A LEAFLESS HAWTHORN.

Hall, rustic Tree! for, though November's wind
Has thrown thy verdant mantle to the ground;
Yet Nature, to thy vocal inmates kind,
With berries red thy matron-boughs has crown'd.
Thee do I envy: for, bright April showers
Will bid again thy fresh green leaves expand;
And May, light floating in a cloud of flowers,
Will cause thee to re-bloom with magic hand.
But, on my Spring, when genial dew-drops fell,
Soon did Life's north-wind curdle them with frost;
And, when my Summer-blossom op'd its bell,
In blight and mildew was its beauty lost!
Yet though to me no Sunshine here is given,
A day of brightness may be mine in Heaven.

HOME.

Ye smiling hills, and spacious fertile vales!

Where oft I wander'd plucking vernal flowers,

And revell'd in the odour-breathing gales;

Should fickle Fate, with talismanic wand,

Bear me afar where either India glows,

Or fix my dwelling on the Polar land,

Where Nature wears her ever-during snows;

Still shall your charms my fondest themes adorn;

When placid Evening paints the western sky,

And when Hyperion wakes the blushing Morn,

To rear his gorgeous sapphire throne on high.

For, to the guileless heart, where'er we roam,

No scenes delight us like our much-lov'd Home.

WRITTEN IN THE COUNTRY.

On! there's a wild-rose in you rugged dell,

Fragrant as that which blooms the garden's pride;
And there's a sympathy no tongue can tell,

Breath'd from the Linnet chanting by its side:
And there is music in that whispering rill,

Far more delightsome than the raging main;
And more of beauty in you verdant hill,

Than to the grandest palace can 'pertain:

For there is nought so lovely and serene,

Throughout the chambers of the mightiest King,
As the pure calm that rests upon this scene,

'Mid sporting lambkins and the songs of Spring:

Yet, oft attracted by some dazzling show,

Man flies from Peace, pursuing gilded Woe.

TO BENEFICENCE.

INSCRIBED TO THE SOCIETY OF THE ROYAL LITERARY FUND.

Hall, Attribute of God!—When time began,
And yonder sun first tinge'd the blue serene,
Seraphic Minstrels saw this glorious scene,
And, while rejoicing stars their courses ran,
Sung hymns of thee.—Symbol of love Divine!
Still deign the potent sons of Earth to sway;
Call pining Genius forward into day;
The rarest gem may grow in deepest mine:
Without thy smile Invention had been mute,—
The Sage's thoughts had died within the brain;—
Seldom the Bard had rais'd the enchanting strain,
And Man had shar'd the forest with the brute:
Beneficence! this song is poured to thee;
For, much of comfort hast thou shower'd on me.

TO SPRING.

Gentle controller of the wintry reign!

While skylarks sing, and buds and flowers expand,
Oh! chase away with thy enchanting wand
Despondency, that monster dark and vain:
For where he dwells, nor health nor hope remain
To solace with their power the rending heart.
At the torn breast the Wizard aims his dart,
And hears unmov'd the fainting wretch complain.
Maiden, with violet breath! to me impart,
At least, the promise of a milder day:
The daisies bloom; the linnets carol gay;
Yet I, alas! with bitter anguish smart:—
Come, then, and bring Hope's cheering aid to save;
Or quickly strew thy wild-flowers on my grave.

TO HONOUR.

Honour! that art so seldom understood,
Say, are thine emblems these? the show of Pride?

The boast alone of Ancestry and Blood?

The frowns of Tyrants, who to-day may chide,
And, ere to-morrow, sink beneath the tide?

The shouts for triumphs o'er a peaceful land?

The misplaced glories which too oft abide

With such as write in blood some fell command?

Pride may exult; the boast of Blood may stand;

The frowning Tyrant may oppress the Poor;

Conquerors may stretch abroad the crimson'd hand,
And spread their ill-got fame from shore to shore—

But such as these are only Honour's Shame:

For, without Virtue, none deserve the name.

TO POVERTY.

Base taunting Humbler of the noble mind!

Thou scanty Clother of the poor man's bed,—
With Beggars' curses heap'd upon thine head,—
While Orphans' wailings follow thee behind!

Hence from my sight, thou comforter unkind!—
For 'tis not all, that chilling Want I know,—
That sad I wander, while the keen winds blow,
And vainly search a better day to find—
Alas! I feel a deeper sting of woe;

Deeper, oh! Poverty, than all thy pangs;

Deeper than what proceeds from Hunger's fangs,
Or aught that could from other anguish flow:

Dread of Injustice from a Satrap-knave—
From this would I escape, or find a grave.

TO A BIRD, AFFRIGHTED BY THE AUTHOR.

Thou tenant of my solitary way!

If my obtrusive presence give thee pain,

Loath as I am to quit this fair domain,

I'll be contented with a scene less gay:

For I am so in love with Freedom's charms,

Him I detest who would those charms destroy.

Then, base were I to interrupt thy joy,

Or needlessly to vex thee with alarms.

Yet are there some, on Power's imperious height,

Who deem it matter of but small concern

To hear the thrall'd and downcast suppliant mourn,

Thinking each throb fresh warrant of their might.

From such, O favouring Heaven! protect the Free,

And set the goaded Slave at liberty.

RETROSPECTION.

Days of my youth! till busy Memory fail,

With fond regret I still shall think of you.

Oft, while the morning Lark has told his tale,
And sunbeams pilfer'd from each flower the dew,

What hours of unmix'd rapture have been mine!

How sweet the gales o'er opening violets stray'd—
The birds, the flowers, the upland, and the shade,

Were all as emblems of the joys divine:

And, when my heart first melted into love,
Not brooking in its course Time's slow control,

With what delight I hasten'd to the grove,
And to the fair-one gave my inmost soul!

Arriv'd at manhood, few the joys I know;
And from each transient pleasure gushes woe!

THE BARD.

Blest be the Bard with glorious length of Fame,
Who meditates on Sun, and Moon, and Skies,—
The pensive Twilight, and the various dyes
Of beam-tinge'd Rainbows,—and the rapid flame
Of forked Lightnings, and the Thunder's sound,—
The never-ceasing murmurings of the Rill,—
The awful summit of the snow-clad Hill,—
The Green-wood shades, and Ocean's dread profound;—
The song of Birds, and flowery pride of Spring;—
The beauteous Summer, and the saddening glooms
Of Autumn, fatal to the myriad blooms,
And icy Winter's tempest-bearing wing—
Blest,—if he teach (on Truth's eternal plan)
Virtue only dignifies the Man!

TO CHARITY.

Thou meek-eyed matron! that dost ne'er expose

To public scoff the objects of thy care,
But secret keep'st thy bounty—Being fair!

Where art thou now assuaging human woes?

Unostentatious thou—thy deeds are free—
Emblem right fit of that Great God above;

Who, from astonishing eternity,
For ever was, and ever will be, Love!

When the Redeemer, fraught with heavenly fire,
Knowing man's pride, bade hide the giving hand,
With him didst thou sojourn, and o'er the land,
Made boasting Pharisees in shame retire;—
And taught, that alms, the most in secret given,
Are deem'd most worthy in the Eye of Heaven.

EARLY MORNING.

The morning-star has shut the gates of Night—
The soaring Lark, in his blue Temple, sings
A madrigal to Heaven—a thousand wings
Of woodland birds are fluttering in the grove—
The Blackbird pipes his anthem with delight,
And sportive Lambs o'er verdant pastures rove;
Or sudden join in infant gambol; trooping
O'er many a flower, with heavy dew-drops stooping.
The rising Sun, fresh peeping on the plain,
Sends forth his beams creation to adorn,—
The Linnet pours a matin from the thorn,—
The Peasant hies him to the field with glee;—
I've known such scenes an antidote for pain;
But now, no antidote have they for me!

IN ANSWER TO SOME CAVILLINGS OF A SCEPTIC.

Tyrants, and blood-stain'd conquerors may thrive,
While Truth and Virtue suffer on the Wheel;
True Worth and simple Honesty may strive,
And seem to strive in vain—while villains feel
Dame Fortune's smile—Morality may reel,
While Atheists laugh in front of mighty Heaven:—
Bigots and Despots may be cloth'd in steel
Whilst Faith by Superstition's sword is riven:
Power may oppress and pray to be forgiven,
While Poverty, despairing, weeps for food:—
Statesmen may call Destruction's pathway even,—
Zealots preach Grace, themselves averse to good;—
Yet, on the great, the awful Judgement Day!
Virtue shall smile, while Vice is cast away.

TO NOVEMBER.

November! for thy fogs and drenching rains,

That bring redoubled gloom upon my soul,
And yonder clouds that blacken towards the pole,
I will not hail thee in rejoicing strains.

Thou art to me an harbinger of pains,
And many a pang I do not here enroll;
O'er which Philosophy hath no control,
And which to name my inmost heart disdains.
Oh! comfortless companion to the poor:
For as thy breath blows through the beggar's vest,
Or as thou moanest in the cotter's door,
What tidings dost thou bear to the distrest
But angry preludes to the winter hoar,
And cold forebodings to the craving breast.

THE INSOLENT IN OFFICE.

THERE was a time—'twas fleeting—ere this mind

Had drunk large potions from the bowl of Care,

That when my eyes were cast on humankind,

None could they note but what my soul held dear:

Alas the change! upon my heart are spread

Some seeds disgustful quickening into life;

And like the worm, when bound beneath our tread,

Writhing in pain, I make a show of strife:

And though 'tis puny, I despise the slave

Who could with fawning look, and pliant knee,

Cringe to the state-proud shackle-binding knave,

Because, forsooth, he holds the glittering fee:

As if an honest man, of meanest birth,

Did not outvie the greatest knave on earth!

TO A SICKLY DEBILITATED SON.

Darling of mine! how shall thy sickly frame
Shoulder its passage through this justling stage?
Alas! unequal warfare shouldst thou wage,
Hadst thou the strength of him, whose arm could tame
The plotting kinsmen of his trait'rous dame,
With dastard poverty thy martial chief;—
Lo! the deliberate cheat, far worse than thief,
For he risks life,—the tyrant void of shame,
Trampling on hollow Famine; and the brood
Of tolerated ruffians, that conspire,
Like vultures, to devour the children's food,
Defiling law to feast their ravenous ire.
But oh! may He, whose every work is good,
Direct thy steps whence danger shall retire.

RECOLLECTIONS.

Have melted twenty times in April showers,
And May as often scatter'd new-born flowers,
And twenty summers tinge'd the wild-briar rose,
And twenty autumns seen me wax in woes,
And stripp'd, exultingly, the green-wood bowers,
Since the dear witchery of some heaven-dropt hours
Gave birth to thoughts this bosom only knows.

Far off the violets weep around thy tomb;
And, such a wayward plaything is the mind,
Methinks, even now, I see their purple bloom,
And hear thy green grass whisper in the wind:

Sweet mourners! they with me bewail thy doom,
And on thy clay affection's garland bind.

то —

On! she was passing fair—the wilding's bloom

Play'd gambols on her cheek—her downcast eye

Had stolen its colour from the noon-day sky—

The fresh-blown cowslip lent her breath perfume—

Her hair the spacious earth can find no room

For semblance—'t was the peerless golden dye

Of evening clouds, when sweetest sunbeams lie

On their bright fleeces, mingling into gloom.

Her heart was gentle, yet her soul had fire

Of that pure essence, rarely found below;

But soon she left this vale of low desire,

This scene of want, of tyranny, and woe,

For happier worlds, where heaven-born minds aspire,

And through eternal mansions wondering go.

TO THE MEMORY OF MR. RICHARD BOOKER.

BOOKER! my friend! full soon! alas, withdrawn

From this strange world, where knaves and blockheads

thrive;

Where conscious Virtue oft is laugh'd to scorn,
Struggling to keep the wounded heart alive;—
Accept this verse, 't is all I can bestow,
In fond remembrance of a soul sincere;
But often, as I pace this scene of woe,
I'll pause to think upon thy virtues rare:
And, while I look upon the motley clan
Of Sceptics, Conquerors, and Upstarts proud—
Of Villains, and that chief of Heaven's high plan
Plain Honesty—I'll say amidst the crowd,
Pointing to where thou sleepest in thy shroud,—
In yonder humble grave there lies a Man.

TO MR. HILTON,

ON SEEING HIS JUSTLY ESTEEMED PICTURE OF CHRIST RAISING LAZARUS,

On Hilton! whose angelic pencil drew
So just a semblance of Redeeming Love;
Unfolding every passion to the view,
That such a scene in human breasts can move;
Could thy creative mind, in vision, see
One slender portion of that awful scene
When all, that inmates of the grave have been,
Shall hear the Clarion of Eternity!
What ecstasies, to human hearts unknown,
In the emerging Just shouldst thou behold;
While o'er the Vile such horror should be thrown
As mortal accents never yet have told:
For faithful conscience, ere the doom be cast,
Shall cheer the Righteous, and the Wicked blast.

WRITTEN

ON THE SITE OF THE ONCE ANCIENT LABYRINTH ON SNEINTON PLAIN NEAR NOTTINGHAM.

One Rood, where youth might point to other years?

The Maze of Old is gone! no more appears

Its antique windings; and we scarcely know

Where once the Wonder was: here oft were seen

The youth of lightsome heart, and maiden gay

Coursing its path, or near upon the green

In dance and sport to hail the birth of May.

Oft have I paced it in my boyhood hours,

When dear impressions rooted in the mind;

And, oh! the recollection still seems kind:—

Methinks (when things like this the plough devours)

I would not have an old oak-trunk removed,

Form'd it a portion of those scenes I loved.

TO VEGETATION:

Painter of Landscapes! Vegetation, hail!

Dearly I love thee in thy every hue;

Whether thy pencil, in the mead and dale,

Tinges the flowers with yellow, white, or blue,

To deck thy emerald mantle; or in groves

Of thickest foliage weaves the darkest green;

Or in Carnation, Rose and Tulip, loves

To make them each appear the garden's queen:

I court thee too, where Furze and Heath-flowers grow

In the rude forest, and the desert wild,

And, oftentimes, to trace thy footsteps go

To rocks and caves, where sunbeam seldom smiled;

For there the Moss and Liverwort can tell

The searching magic of thy potent spell.

TO OMNIPOTENCE.

On! Thou Almighty ever-gracious One!

And can the grov'ling Sceptic surely doubt?

And search in vain to find thy being out?

Lo! in the midnight sky, Thy starry throne;

And in thy sun, exhaustless orb of light;

Earth, with its seas and forests, hills and dales,

Rude wintry tempests, and mild summer gales,

I see thy Love, Beneficence, and Might.

The smallest insect, and the meanest flower—

The very moss and knot-grass, and the wing

Of the poor moth that glitters in the spring

Declare aloud the wonders of thy Power.—

Nor would I have the Sceptic's gloomy mind

For all the wealth and sway of humankind.

TO SHERWOOD FOREST.

Forest of Sherwood! looking back on Time,

Methinks I see thy Oaks of giant size

Stretching on high their ponderous arms sublime;

And hear thy thicket birds salute the skies;

And mark thy wild deer tripping o'er the dale,

Or freely grazing, crop the herbage good,

And hear the bugle sounding on the gale,

And see the archer-train of Robin Hood.

Oft have I ponder'd o'er each antique lay

That tells of Stutely, Scarlet, and of John;

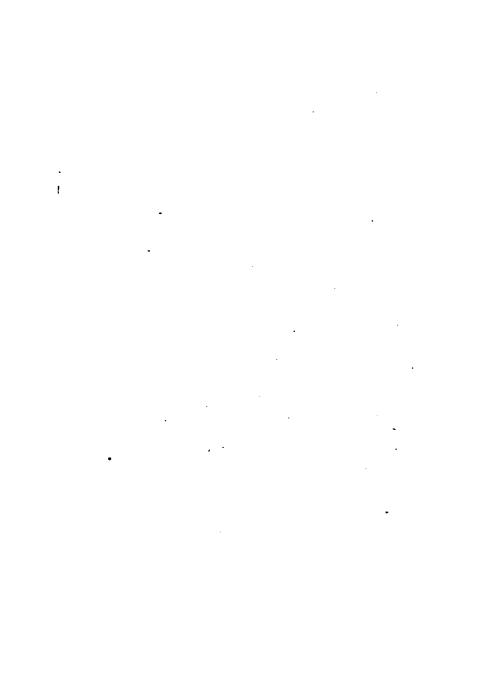
How they adventurous join'd in many a fray,

And how their dauntless Chieftain led them on;

And, although in despite of law they stood,

Thyfame shall live through them, the bowmen of the wood.

SONGS.



SONGS.

SONG.

The bluebell droop'd in morning dews,
And cowslip meads were gay;
The Wood-lark sung, and all-profuse
In beauty came May-day;
That happy well-remember'd morn,
In silent woodland shades;
I met, beside a bowery thorn,
The Pride of Sherwood maids.

Serene and gentle was her look;
And to complete her eyes,
Her magic pencil Nature took
And dipt it in the skies:
The Wild-rose bloom'd upon her face,
And violets from the glades,
Bestow'd their modesty to grace
The Pride of Sherwood maids.

Again we met at twilight-hour;
And since that blissful day,
We oft have sat in grove and bower
And sigh'd the time away.
Nor, 'till my sun of life be set,'
And death this heart invades,
Will I, with soul unkind, forget
The Pride of Sherwood maids.

SONG.

Where Larkdale hides its bending breast,
And briars and violets grow;
Where many a Robin builds its nest,
And sings its song of woe;
There, where you elms extend their arms,
To shade the gloomy way,
I first beheld my Mary's charms,
And blest the happy day.

Long time, in mutual love, we stray'd
The hills and valleys o'er;
But hill, nor vale, nor leafy shade,
Shall see her beauty more:

For on her grave the green-grass waves, And smiles the floweret gay; While fate, in spite, her lover saves To sorrow o'er her clay.

While Larkdale bears the buds of Spring,
Or grows the blushing rose;
While in its bowers the linnets sing,
Or drift the wintry snows:
There, long as life to me is given,
I'll take my pensive way;
And sigh for her, the guest of heaven,
'Till life and love decay.

SONG.

THE primrose blows sweet in my gay native vale, And the small birds pour out their wild songs on the gale; But flowers waste their sweetness, and birds sing in vain; For my season of gladness is changed into pain.

The white violet blooms in its covert of thorn, And cowslips exult in the sunbeams of morn; But morning's fair sunbeams on me fall in vain; For my season of gladness is changed into pain. Alone and dejected, I roam through the grove, Where first my young heart warm'd with friendship and love;

My love-dreams and friendships are all in their wane; For my season of gladness is changed into pain.

SONG.

Thou native stream, fair Trent, adieu;
For here, alas! in vain
I faithless, fleeting, hopes pursue,
That lead me on to pain:
No more for me thy banks have charms,
Where long with joy I stray'd,
When youth took fire at love's alarms—
Farewell, my native shade.

The morning star, beneath whose ray
With smiles I've met the morn,
As now I wake to greet the day
Beholds a wretch forlorn.
Ye sportive birds, whose joyous notes
No sounds of woe invade,
To me in vain ye swell your throats—
Farewell, my native shade.

In grief I seek each well-known field,
Where pass'd my childhood hours;
But no relief their beauties yield,
Though scatter'd o'er with flowers;
And when, at eve, the sun descends,
I pace some lonely glade;
And think, the while, on faithless friends—
Farewell, my native shade.

SONG.

The sun had bid a sweet farewell

To Clifton's height, and topmost tree;
The blackbird ceased its tale to tell,

Nor more was heard the humming bee:
With hasty step I took my way,

To meet the maid whom I adore,

Nor had I long in doubt to stray;

We met on Trent's delightful shore.

Affection, pure as virgin snow,

That instant gave her all my soul—
The winds to distance bore our woe,

And silent rapture o'er us stole;

And, as the gentle waves pass'd by,
And murmuring sunk to rise no more,
I vow'd to love, by yonder sky,
The maid of Trent's delightful shore.

Let Misers hoard their heaps of gold,
And greedy Merchants plough the deep;
Let tyrant Kings, and Conquerors bold,
Regardless hear the Orphan weep:
For me, near Clifton's waving grove,
May I the pleasing scenes explore,
And never cease, till death, to love
The maid of Trent's delightful shore.

SONG.

The twilight lingering left the sky, And soft winds fann'd the grove; When guided by the evening star I stray'd to meet my love.

The maid I sought, where yonder hill Gives birth to many a flower; But found her in the green-wood shade, And near her favourite bower. There, on her cheek, I faintly saw
The rose and lily play;
And sure, if lovers' eyes be true,
She look'd as fair as May.

In many a sigh, and plighted vow,
Past on that happy hour;
And still that green-wood shade I love,
And still I love the bower.

And never shall my soul forget
The words we then exprest;
And ne'er, till death, shall love for her
Be banish'd from my breast.

SONG.

When sunk on my pillow to rest,
My slumbers are broken with woe;
The moonbeam falls cold on my breast,
And night-breezes mournfully blow;
And when, at the dawning of day,
The swallow my window flits by,
And twitters its love-song so gay,
I hear it, alas! with a sigh.

I feel, black Injustice, thy hand;
Yet ne'er shalt thou conquer my soul;
And though bitterly falls thy command,
My mind shall outwing thy control:
And long as Remembrance shall hold
Her power to reflect in my brain,
Though Tyrants are shielded in gold,
This Tyrant I still shall disdain.

SONG.

The me where is the man who calls England his home,
But would boast of the land of his birth;
For it rivals the splendour of Greece and of Rome,
The the dread, and the pride, of the earth:
The birth-place of Heroes, O Britain! art thou;
And thy bards tune to Freedom the song;
And while health, in thy vallies, gives speed to the plough,
Still to thee shall the Ocean belong.

CHORUS.

So be England our toast,
Hearts of oak guard our coast,
With Freedom's bright standard unfurl'd;
Then should Despots molest,
We will take down their crest,
And keep Albion the queen of the world.

There was great Alexander, and Cæsar of yore,

They but fought to enslave humankind;

But the bold sons of Britain, on each hostile shore,
In Humanity's cause have combined:

And should outcasts oppress'd seek our dear favour'd isle,
The outcast protected shall be,
And the eye, wet with sorrow, be cheer'd with a smile—
A smile of contentment and glee.

So be England &c.

Then fear not, ye Britons, fell tyrants afar,

Though united in league to annoy;

They remember the glory you purchased in war,

And that glory their hope shall destroy:

And long as true hearts, and hard oak, shall be found

On our hills, in our forests, and dales,

So long shall our soldiers be stanch on firm ground,

And their Fleets to our Tars duck their sails.

So be England &c.

SONG.

O come, gentle twilight, that Mary may wander
Along the green meads, where the sweet breezes play;
Then soon shall we meet near yon streamlet's meander,
And whisper soft tales of our dear nuptial day.

CHORUS.

Ye Angels of safety, watch over the maiden,
And keep her, 'till next I in beauty behold her;
Then, in vows of affection, our hearts shall be plighted,
While moments of transport glide swiftly away.

The dew-sprinkled Cowslip, in pensiveness drooping,
As sweet, and as fair, as my Mary may be;
And the White-throat, that sings from the thorn, yonder
stooping

To dip in the stream, as contented and free.

Ye Angels of safety &c.

She declared in the grove to be constant forever,
The moon, and the stars, heard the vows that were made,
And I know she'll be true, for unfaithfulness never
A bosom so chaste and so fair can invade.
Ye Angels of safety &c.

SONG.

Come, drain the Cup to Honour's name;
For 'tis a pearl we seldom find;
When good hearts fail, we ne'er will blame,
Perfection 's not in humankind:—
Yet look around, Companions all,
Full many a cheek has cause for shame,
Where searching Law can never fall—
Then drain the Cup to Honour's name.

An honest man, though poor he be,
May look Above with conscience clear;
While those who live by knavery,
Have many a sleepless night to fear:—
So think of this, Companions all,
Full many a cheek has cause for shame,
Where searching Law can never fall—
Then drain the Cup to Honour's name.

SONG.

The Autumn gale was moaning deep Through Clifton's fading grove; The pale moon gilded yonder steep, When last I met my love: "My fair, he said, this fatal night, From you I must be parted; My duty calls me on to fight, Yet still be faithful-hearted."

The big tears instant fill'd my eyes,
And on his bosom fell;
But oh! our mutual vows and sighs
No mortal tongue can tell:
At length, when tears no more could flow,
In deepest woe we parted;
He went to face his country's foe,
And left me broken-hearted.

Nine tedious moons I ceaseless mourn'd;
Then fate the tidings drew,
By which, alas! too soon I learn'd
He fell at Waterloo.
My heart-strings caught the direful sound,
Each dawn of hope departed;
He fighting met the mortal wound,
And I am broken-hearted.

SONG.

HARK, my love, the trumpets call;
Wipe those foolish drops away;
Safe, perhaps, from sword and ball,
We shall meet another day;
And, when cross'd the raging sea,
Oft I'll ponder on thy charms,
And my thoughts shall steal to thee,
From the clash and din of arms.

Ne'er shall I forget the thorn
In the shade of yonder grove,
Where, on blooming May-day morn,
First we plighted vows of love.
When to foreign camps I roam—
When the war-drum beats alarms—
Then my thoughts to thee shall come
From the clash and din of arms.

Now again the trumpets sound— Fate ordains we now must part; Yet thy sighs my bosom wound, Keenly piercing to my heart; Angels guard thy spotless breast:
And control the war's alarms,
Then I'll hush thy fears to rest,
From the clash and din of arms.

THE END.

REVIEWS OF "VICISSITUDE, &c."

When we consider the circumstances under which these poems were produced, they must be allowed to claim an indulgence to which they are also entitled by intrinsic merit. With many disadvantages and defects, we think that this humble aspirant is still a poet;—uncultivated, deficient, and with all the poetic sins that belong to inexperience and youthful enthusiasm, but redeeming them by the presence of a rich and overflowing spirit; which, though it sometimes betrays him never forsakes him. With much fine and correct feeling, he presents us with some lively descriptions of rural scenery, and a few genuine touches of nature; not often displeasing us, moreover, with mere common-place, or weary expletives. He seems to write from the heart; as if he really rejoiced in the creations of his fancy, and in giving language to his thoughts.— Monthly Review, Sept. 1821.

There is a great deal of merit in the book, enough to excite surprise, and to create a most cordial wish for the well-being of the author.—New Monthly, July 1821.

It is easy to trace in the poems marks of a good and affectionate heart, and of feelings which do him more honour than could be derived from the possession of mere poetical reputation, and show him to be worthy of the support and friendship he has found.—Monthly Magazine, June 1821.

We hope very sincerely that his object may be obtained both in point of fame and emolument. The poems themselves are very creditable productions.—British Critic, June 1821.

We hope speedily to see the poems in every bookseller's shop in London. — Literary Gazette.

REVIEWS OF "BLOSSOMS."

This poetical corporal was sufficiently introduced and recommended to our readers in our number for September 1821, where we mentioned his poem of "Vicissitude."—Monthly Review, April 1823.

The following sonnet ("To Gold") would do no discredit to John Clare, nor even to Wordsworth.—*Eclectic Review*, 1823.

We cannot refuse ourselves the pleasure of recommending to the public notice a little volume, whose humble pretensions and unassuming form might easily be overlooked. The testimony borne by the worthy editor is highly satisfactory, and it gives us sincere pleasure to find such able and friendly assistance afforded in his exertion of those poetical talents with which he is certainly not meanly endowed. The Sonnets are written with much simplicity and pathos, and bear the impression of a sensitive, honourable, and virtuous mind. A sufficient passport to public approbation will be found in the intrinsic merit of these little compositions.— Monthly Magazine, April 1823.

It is needless to point out the beauties of the above ("Sonnet to an Infant Daughter"); they crowd one upon another, line after line; nor does it require the heart of a father to discern them. There are many others of equal beauty.—Gent. Mag. Feb. 1823.

For other Reviews, not at hand,—see Time's Telescope for 1824; the Evangelical Magazine, 1823; New Times Newspaper, Feb. 7, 1823; Morning Herald, about the same date; and several other leading London newspapers.



